

# THE UNIVERCÖLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

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## The Principles of Nature.

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### CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

#### A DISCOURSE,

PREACHED IN REV. MR. RAKER'S CHURCH, FOURTH-STREET, NEW YORK  
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 9, 1848,

BY T. L. HARRIS.

"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."

JESUS—quoted in John's Gospel, xiv. 6.

WERE I to consult my private feelings on this occasion, I should select some theme connected with the religious friendships, and labors, and memories of the Past: for I worship today with many whose very presence awakes thought of past endeavors and remembrances of by-gone communion. Yet I remember that I stand here not in a private but in a public capacity, and shall therefore endeavor to throw a little light on a theme which is not only of private but of universal interest.

I would speak of Christ and Christianity—of the nature of one, the character of the other—the divinity of both. At the best my remarks can be but partial, for the imperfect can never fathom the perfect. But my remarks will have this to commend them: they are the thoughts of my purest and holiest hours, they are embedded in my mind as the growth of years of meditation on the One Great Theme; they expand beyond the limits of dogmatic Theology and sectarian Formalism, and that mode of Rationalism which vaguely speculates and denies. And they are uttered from the heart, with a profound conviction of their importance and their truth.

Jesus, the Christ of History, the Christ of Prophecy, is, to my mind, the divinely missioned spirit through whom the Deity is revealed to man—by whom Humanity is to be unitized or reconciled with God. I would claim perfection in his character, in his teachings, in his life. This view of Christ has been taught dogmatically in the Past on the dicta of Authority. I would teach it, as I receive it, as an induction from the facts of History, as sustained by a true Philosophy, and as sanctioned of my spirit in its highest state of mental intuition and moral consciousness.

Let me endeavor to give you a conception of the Divine Man—divine because the perfection of what in you and me is imperfect—and let us then compare this Ideal Christ with the actual, historical Jesus, and we shall from this find evidence amounting to demonstration of the claim we have asserted—of the position we have assumed.

Man, as well as God, is a Trinity in Unity. The Spirit has three great primitive elements: Love, Wisdom, and Energy. These correspond to the three essential attributes of the Godhead: Omnipotence, Omniscience, and Infinite Benevolence. Man is related to God as effect to cause, as the child to its parent. In "Him we live, and move, and have our being." His Mind flows into my brain, giving me knowledge and consciousness—the power to reason—the faculty to analyze. His Love flows into my heart, causing it to overflow with tenderness, to pour out its genial currents of affection. His Power flows into my form, enabling me to mold and fashion material substance

within my limited sphere, as He by his Infinite Energy molds and fashions the substance of the universe. These three elements exist in the Father infinite; but Man is God's child, and in him they are finite. If we compare God to the heart of Nature, pouring life through all the arteries of Creation, we may compare Man to the minutest vein, having life, yet only as it receives it from the exhaustless fountains of the Infinite.

The spirit has a spiritual organization, with faculties, temperaments and senses corresponding to the visible, yet on a higher plane. It has a voice whereby to join in the music of heaven, and the speech of angels can fall in music from its tongue; it has an ear whereby to drink in the melodious utterances of the higher life; it has vision whereby to behold the many mansions of the Father's house; to see the forms of immortal yet ever-varying life that beautify that world which is "eternal in the heavens." It has the pulse to thrill with rapture; the brow to beam glorious with beauty; the lip to glow with the kisses of an undying love. Imagine the form of the "Apollo" to be formed, not of marble, but of the purest essences of incarnate life. Let it have power to speed through space with the velocity of a winged thought, and vision to penetrate into the inner life of creation, and let each thought of Truth cause it to dilate with majesty, and each emotion of goodness to halo it around with loveliness, and let it be clothed in the woven light of its own beauty, and increase in excellence during the long ages of its immortal youth, and you have an idea of the spiritual body, folded up, undeveloped within these material vestures, but destined to expand its powers in the eternal world.

The spirit has visibly its outer, material organization. Its form, composed of all the substances of the visible universe, refined and perfected, existing in the highest order and most symmetrical combination. Its material brain; its animal life; its senses, that are as inlets through which the life of Nature may flow into the organization, and penetrate the consciousness and instruct the mind. And these three, spirit, spiritual body, material form, exist in unity—the spirit imparting life to the body; the body, through its senses, aiding in the development of the soul.

Now in you and me the faculties of the external body alone are active. Our spiritual senses are as yet unawakened. As Christ said of the ancient Jews, "having eyes we see not, having ears we hear not, having hands we handle not." But we begin to feel the movings of the Divinity within us; to know that we are spirits, though "clad in veils." Hence we can form a conception of what we shall be; we can embody in language, however imperfectly, an idea of the absolute and perfect.

I can conceive of a material form, woven of the finest tissues of nature; its temperaments balanced; its functions harmonized; its senses instinct with life; its brain of harmonious structure; its organs regulated to blended action; beauty in every feature; grace in every line and motion; sweetness and gentleness in every expression; thought resting, crown-like, on the serene and ample brow.

I can conceive of a spiritual body within that material form, with all of its faculties so quickened that it shall gaze evermore into the open heaven: so that it shall see ministering forms invisible to the sensual gaze: so that it shall pierce the veil of materiality and behold the things which are "unseen and yet

eternal :" so that it shall partake of angel's food, and listen to angel's music, and live in constant vision and continual consciousness of the spiritual world. And I can conceive of a spirit dwelling within those harmonized forms in conscious unity with the Divine Nature ; feeling the tides of spiritual life flowing into its very consciousness : hence receiving Love, according to its desire in exhaustless fountains : knowing by an infallible inspiration, because ideas flow into its mind from the very intellect of God ; and having power, according to its love and wisdom, to operate by Divine Law upon the cords of material nature and the springs of human action.

Such is a conception of the character and development of the perfect spirit—the Ideal Christ: a being whose soul is in positive and conscious unity with the infinite cause, so that God is incarnated in his system—all in all: one who knows in his sphere with an unerring wisdom, and loves with an unfailing patience, and acts on man and nature with a divinely transmitted energy. In that character I should expect to find the manifestations of all that God is ; of all that man should or is to be. There should I expect to find an unfailing patience and a meek humility—strength to sin not in itself—love to forgive all transgression in others—purity the most immaculate, and self-denial the most severe and continual, words of divine significance, stamping themselves immortal on the memory of the world—deeds of moral heroism, awful in their sublimity ; and acts of supersensual power, miracles of strength and goodness wrought on the forces of Nature, and the spiritual and material organizations of men. That man, through spiritual faculties, so amply unfolded, should converse with angels and the great departed of other days: should read, with calm eyes, the secrets of human memory ; and interpret the mystic hand-writing of God in the inscriptions on the walls of Nature, and draw away the curtain of the Future to reveal its hidden secrets ; and rule over Nature with a kingly supremacy ; and live and die, not like a warrior or a philosopher, but like a Perfect Man—the human incarnation of the Perfect God.

Now transfer what I have said of the Ideal Christ, to what the world has recorded of the Actual, Historical Jesus of Nazareth, and how faithful is the portraiture, how exact is the resemblance ! The physical form of the Historical Jesus, if we may trust history, tradition, and the recorded memories of the race, approximates to our highest idea of physical perfection. The highly organized tissues, the harmoniously balanced temperaments, the grace of motion, the symmetry of members, the regulated functions, the intense life of all, the beautiful, though majestic countenance, the serene and holy light which seemed to radiate from it—all the testimonies of contemporaneous history attest to it—and all these memories of that Divine Beauty floating on the stream of time, are evidences of its actual, human reality.

The spiritual form of Jesus, with all its faculties, appears to have been symmetrically and divinely developed. He had a spiritual vision, to look into the inward reality of things. Nature and the Soul had no secrets hidden from his vision. The woman at the well certified that he, a stranger, " told her all things that ever she did." Her memory was to his illuminated vision as a written scroll, traced and pictured with the secrets of her inmost life. The distant and invisible to him was near and apparent. He needed no telegraphic wire to tell him of the sickness of Lazarus in distant Bethany : spiritually he gazed into the sick room and saw the pale form of the sufferer reclining there. He cast his eye on the Past, and it opened like the gate of some great ancient city, and he walked among its hoar antiquities, and exclaimed : " Before Abraham was I am !" The veil of the Future rolled away, like a golden mist, before him, and he gazed down its vistas to the consummation of material existence and the end of human time. In his hours of mortal agony and trial, angels from the higher worlds came and ministered to him. He stood between the two worlds of being,

and at one glance beheld men and angels—beheld earth and heaven.

Standing among men and angels with fully developed spiritual and material faculties, having cognizance of the thoughts and actions of both, I can readily conceive of the perfection of his spirit ; I can readily believe in whatever of supersensual and superordinary greatness is attributed to him. That his mind was divinely taught by influxes of wisdom from the Infinite, is attested by what he said. Perhaps there is no secret connected with the Spiritual Nature and Immortal Life of man which he did not utter, though the imperfection of language is such that our knowledge of much that he said is shadowy and indefinite. That Sermon on the Mount shows his unerring knowledge. No words that ever fell from human tongue have equaled it. The greatest works of modern science are but philosophical expositions of his simple statements. He knew what was in Man, in Nature, in Providence ; hence he spoke as one having Authority—it was the Authority of Truth.

And that his affections, without any of the colorings or restraints of self, flowed out calmly toward the Infinite, is demonstrated also. His words teach it. They are eloquent of a Love that is broad as space, and lasting as time, and impartial as God, and unfailing as Providence. His actions, his purposes, his labors, his sacrifices, his self-denial, his integrity, his devotion to the Right ; evinced in all that he was, and said, and did—are evidences of the absolute perfection of his spirit. If he spake as man never spake, and toiled as man never toiled, and lived as man never lived, and died as man never died, it was because he loved, he *loved* as man never loved—loved all, loved always. " Having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them to the end."

And if his natural body was perfect ; and if his spiritual body, with all of its faculties, was quickened ; and if his mind was in conscious unity with the Infinite, receiving continual inspiration ; and if his heart was fed in all its deep affections by the Creative Spirit as the stream is fed by its source ; I should naturally expect to find that his spiritual energy was equally active, and its manifestations proportionally wonderful. Hence, I find no difficulty in believing, for the most part, the historical records of his deeds of miracle. It would have been unnatural, perhaps impossible, for so majestic and divine a being to have lived without making his presence felt in and on Nature as well as in and on Humanity. Yet I consider the influence of that Great Soul on Nature to have been far less wonderful than his influence on Mind. Science, which is demonstrating that the Spiritual governs the Material, also confirms the fact that the power of the Soul over both Mind and Matter increases as the Soul grows into unity with God. The Miracles of Jesus are, as I think, susceptible of proof, both as spiritual possibilities and as historical realities. Not against my reason, but because of reason do I believe in them. I can well believe that the pure being whose life was so divine, had divine power as well as divine love and wisdom, flowing through him. I can well believe that, at the touch of his finger, the blind received their sight ; that at his mandate the lame walked, and the insane were restored to sanity ; and fever left the form, and health returned to the veins of being ; " that virtue went out of him and healed them all." I can well believe, since I see no rational objection, that that power calmed the troubled waters, also—that they tranquilly mirrored the stars in their bosom, as His ocean-like Nature reflected the lights in the heaven of Truth ; and throbbed with music, as his heart with love, while that Voice, that influence, went over them, Peace be still !

I can well believe also, that so powerful were the spiritual influences that emanated from him, that many who approached him and opened their hearts to his teachings, had their own spiritual senses expanded, so that they caught glimpses of supersensual realities : that James and John conversed with Moses and Elias on the Mount, and heard voices inaudible to the material

senses there, and saw the spirits of the Great Arisen clothed in immortality. I find no difficulty in believing that Jesus fore-knew and prophesied his own death and resurrection, and after the external body had been laid in the sepulcher appeared to his disciples, imparting new moral energies and fitting them for a universal mission. These things I say are credible, because they appear susceptible of scientific demonstration as possibilities; of moral demonstration as certainties; of historical demonstration as facts. A smattering of science leads men to doubt the supersensual in the character and life of Jesus; but a profound insight into Nature changes doubt into belief, and gives knowledge in the place of doubtful faith. That form of materialistic Rationalism that denies the superordinary in the life and actions of Jesus is to me, of all things, most irrational. The character of Christ was not one-sided and partial, combining strength and weakness. It was symmetrical and harmonious, rounded to a perfect fulness. He was the Divine Man. The divine life flowed into his very consciousness, so that he uttered simple truth in his saying, "I and my Father are One." His character, words, deeds, power, life and death, correspond with our highest conceptions of the good and just and perfect. Ambition, the last infirmity of greatness, had no hold upon him. Hate and persecution made him the more forgiving to his enemies, more resolute in his path of good.

Now this divine character was seemingly raised up out of the ordinary course of natural events. The development of our race is integral. The man of greatest genius goes but a few centuries before his time. His ideas and actions, his organism and character are tinged with the universal imperfection. But here, in this fact of history, we see the Perfect blooming in the midst of the Imperfect, the Divine Ideal manifested in the human Actual. I would not now speak of the law which accounts for it. I only allude to it as a fact.

But receiving this fact, we must admit the consequences which result from it. If Jesus was raised up perfect in that age of imperfection, by the operation of a law higher than the common law of integral development, it must have been for the accomplishment of a Work higher than could have been wrought out by any moral or religious genius, however excellent, however learned, and that work may be inferred from the words we have quoted, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Christ lived the True Life. Life was in him, like sap in a vine, flowing out in unnumbered deeds of rectitude and affection. It was moral life—spiritual vitality. It flowed from that genial soul of his into withered forms, causing them to bloom with new health and happiness, as the dry branch is quickened when it is grafted in the living tree. It flowed into the morally dead—circulating through each vein and artery of existence, causing them to arise in the energy of goodness, strengthening with immortal energy each thought and purpose of integrity and virtue.

It is said that if blood be withdrawn from the veins of the healthy and young, and infused into the languid pulses of decrepid age—that the time of existence is prolonged, and the shadow of death fades backward on the dial. But here we see the operations of a higher law. Here is a race of men embruted with sensuality. Here is a world overwhelmed with a deluge of iniquity. Here are whole nations of men that seem relapsing into savageism, and sinking almost to the level of the brute. A false Civilization, with its attendant luxuries, a false religion that deifies the animal propensities, has arrested for a time the progress of the Race, and infused a taint of leprosy into the whole constitution of Humanity. And here is One in the midst of all, whose whole being is full of spiritual and Natural life. The calm teachings of Philosopher and Sage, the iron energies of legislation, have all failed to stay the tide of sensualism that is bearing them down into degradation and possible extinction. But there is a Soul in the midst of men in whom is Life, is healing. It flows into diseased forms, and health is restored to them; but it flows also into those spiritual natures that are all sinking

beneath the exhaustion brought on by hereditary evil. It changes sensualists into spiritualists, persecutors into martyrs, the avaricious into the benevolent—the adulterous into the pure. Life flows out from that central nature in concentric circles, into all natures prepared to receive it—it goes on gaining depth and power with its increase of dominion—it is destined eventually to sanctify the Race. We have seen Christ to have been morally, physically perfect, in conscious unity with Nature and with God. We have seen that the law of integral development accounts not for the fact of his spiritual completeness. Now when I find him saying: "I am the vine and my Father is the Husbandman, and as the branch cannot bear fruit in itself, no more can ye except while in me;" and when I find him endeavoring to draw men into a positive unity of feeling and spirit, amounting almost to an interchange of consciousness with himself; and when I see that as men believe on him, and open their souls to influences emanating from him, they are quickened in each pulse of their moral being, and when I find him asserting that if he is lifted up to God, to receive more abundantly of the creative life, he will draw all men to him; and when I find, after his ascension, that spiritual influences, like tongues of fire, exalt his followers into a supersensual eloquence and love—I am constrained to admit, that he is a medium through whom the Infinite Father has poured and is pouring his gracious influences of spiritual life into the souls of men, that the Divine Spirit which sanctifies and saves us, flows through him, as the life that gushes into the veins of being flows through the great aorta from the central Heart.

But Christ not only infused Spiritual Life more abundantly into men and thus drew them to the Father, but he taught them Positive Truth. Jesus seems intuitively to have comprehended the laws of the Infinite. The Universe was to him a Revelation. He felt God's presence, saw his providence, witnessed his operations, comprehended his purposes, perceived his laws. He was aware of the relations subsisting between God and men, between the essence and form, between matter and spirit, between love and love, between cause and consequence, between earth and Heaven. He saw Truth as a whole. He inculcated its seminal principles leaving that Truth to be systematized into form, confirmed by Science, amplified from generals to particulars by the progressive development of the Race. His object was not to preclude thought but to compel it. He taught nothing dogmatically. The general Principles of Spiritual and Social Science were laid down by him—but he left others to dissect and arrange them into minute particulars. He could not have been comprehended had he endeavored to give a minute system of the Infinite. Misapprehended, marred, defaced—it would have injured the world. But while he rather hinted at the scientific form of Truth than analyzed it, he learned men the way by which they might attain to universal knowledge, to Universal Unity.

He learned them that, by cleansing the body from its pollution, by temperance of diet, calmness of action, and moderation in passional indulgences—the temperaments might be harmonized, and the body made a fit receptacle for the inflowings of the Divine Spirit—the Holy Ghost. He learned men that by purity of heart and morality of life, by resolute devotion to the cause of Humanity, by calm and earnest efforts for individual goodness, by a steady and persevering culture of the moral elements, a condition of mind might be obtained on which the great spiritual and social Truth, should be intuitively comprehended and morally perceived.—That while the sensualist, though profound in intellect, gropes in the grave of materialism, the spiritual and holy man, even though he be destitute of artificial education, shall see, and comprehend, the Truth that makes wise unto salvation. Christ showed the way, the royal road, to infinite and universal knowledge. Virtually he said, "Do the works I do, live the life I live, and you shall see the Truth I see. Keep your eye single, and your whole being shall be full of light. Be pure in heart, and you shall see God!" He knew

that the carnal mind, the creature steeped in sensuality and avarice, could never comprehend the realities of a Spiritual Religion. He knew that whether Truth was written in Nature or transcribed in written Revelations, men could not feel it, know it, live it, without internal purity and worth. In this thing, in showing the path that leads to knowledge, he transcended all philosophers; for while others have attempted to educate men by the culture of the material understanding, and by the dogmatic assertion of ideas, he taught that Purity was the cause of insight. A voice of angel-music comes to you and me this day. It comes borne through the dark night of Ages. It hushes the angry storm of dogmatic warfare, that beats around us—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

But Christ taught the way by which men might grow up also into unity of interest, as well as of spirit and faith. He learned them that moral power overcomes physical force; that virtue is keener than the bayonet, and worth outweighs gold. He saw men disunited in all things; existing in universal warfare. He taught that by the diffusion of spiritual Truth, by the moral culture of men, they might learn all the laws of Harmony, so that all interests could be reconciled in a true social state; and that by becoming good and just and loving, they might embody the Harmonic Laws in actual institutions—in governments whose creed shall be Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—in Social Systems whence the interests of the One should harmonize with the interests of the All.

This, then, is a synopsis of what we have said of Christ and his Religion. He was a Being, physically, spiritually perfect—in conscious harmony and unity with the Creative Mind. He dwelt at once in the two worlds, Earth and Heaven. While with spiritual view he beheld the thronging angels, with material organs he communed with men. Divine Truth flowed into his conscious mind, so that he was an infallible Teacher: Divine Love flowed through his being, so that he lived an infallible life. Divine Power was manifested through his actions. By a transmitted energy he acted with re-creative energies on Nature and on Man.

His religion, like his character, was of supersensual origin, and of a Divine authority. He was a great Central Mind, a Moral Sun: around him was to cluster the constellation of our Redeemed and Divine Humanity. Moral Life flowed out, and continues to flow, from God through him for the sanctifying and harmonizing of the Race. His Church is composed of the Pure, the Good, the Loving, the Redeemed of every Age and Land. They are One with Him, as he is One with God. They receive light and vitality from Him, as he receives it from the Father. And all of Earth, called by whatever name, who have received the sanctifying influences of his Spirit, belong to the same divine communion. He teaches us now as in the days of his dwelling in the flesh. And were our spiritual visions opened, we should perhaps behold him, in the midst of the divine glory, as he appeared to Stephen and to Paul. The Church on Earth and in Heaven are One. The Saints, and Confessors, and Martyrs of the Olden Time, walk in invisible, yet glorious array among us. Their invisible hands are laid in benediction upon your heads and upon mine! The Church Militant is here armed in Truth; panoplied in Righteousness. But the Church Triumphant is here also. Lo! the cloud of Witnesses! I see their green palms of victory! I hear their sweet hymns of Triumph!

Our entire Humanity is thus to be redeemed and sanctified. Christ, my Redeemer and yours, is to be yet the Saviour of the World. The Church of the Future is to gather the earth to its embrace. It is to guide our Race into that Moral and Physical and Social Oneness, which the Seer has beheld, and the Reformer toiled for, and the Martyr bled for; and which Christ has announced as his Religion's bright consummate end! Then, in that great day of Universal Unity, shall Earth be wedded to the Heavens, and Humanity be harmonized with God!

## Original Communications.

### A FEW THOUGHTS ON A FEW THINGS.

BY JEROME B. WEBB.

THE philosophic mind finds a lesson of truth, in contemplating the situations and sensations of the primitive members of the human family. In the newness of existence, before custom had sanctioned or sacredized any routine of action or form of thought, with what strange and undefinable emotions did they look abroad on the wide domain of Nature. Earth, clothed in its mantle of refreshing green, its boundless forests and mighty rivers, its majestic oceans and towering mountains; and Heaven, with its cloudy magnificence and stormy splendor, awoke in their breasts the most profound sensations.

Called into existence by means unknown to himself; surrounded by objects which exerted their influence upon him in multifarious ways, and tending to a goal completely enveloped in the darkness of mystery, Man stood upon Creation's summit—the noblest, the vilest, the highest, and yet the lowest of all her works.

Such he must have appeared to himself at that stage of his existence. Possessing, in common with the brute, all the desires of the animal nature, he wanted their means of gratifying them. The beaver was provided with all the implements necessary for the construction of a shelter, to protect him from the inclemencies of the seasons; the bee luxuriated on the flowery lap of nature; and the bird, in the wantonness of his mirth, sprang upward on exulting wing and warbled her song at the very threshold of heaven. In the midst of all earthly glory and perfection, Man, unprovided with the means requisite for the gratification of his desires, stood silent and wondering. Deep within he felt the stirrings of that nature he could not comprehend. His first impulse was to imitate the various animal tribes in the gratification of his appetites; but here, he was confused at the inexplicable enigma and apparent contradiction of his own nature, and situation in the scale of being: the brute administered to his wants without mistake and inconvenience, while his own endeavors were always liable to misdirection and failure. Being foiled in one attempt, he discovered within himself the power of repeating, and improving his first endeavor: and thus, amid the imperfections of his primeval situation, he continued, till at length the truth flashed upon his mind, that he was a reasoning being, capable of eternal progression.

Thus, in the infancy of man's existence, fell the faint dawning of a glorious light upon the darkened spirit—the idea of progressive life and immortality struggled into being. And as this light of the soul was diffused, the darkness of ignorance, superstition and fanaticism, silently and sullenly rolled away for ever. Whenever mankind have wandered from the light of this glorious truth, they have either been wrecked on the shoals of false and fanatical opinions, or have been driven into distant and unknown seas, to sink amid conflicting elements, which they had not the power to harmonize. Unillumined by this divine light, Man stands upon the shores of time—a dark expanse behind, completely enveloped in the mists of doubt and fable; the ocean of eternity before, over which he strains his aching gaze in vain to descry a haven of security and rest. Scarcely a ray of philosophic light illuminates the darkness of his intellect; and a heated imagination usurping the domain of reason and knowledge, points back to the origin of man's existence, as the strange and supernatural sport of some miracle-working power. In the present, he sees himself surrounded with direful afflictions, oppressed, neglected, and crushed to the earth—and in the Stygian blackness of his condition, he deems this the destiny of the race. In the future, a Tartarus or a Gehenna, flame with unconceivable fires, and echo with the mad rejoicings of infuriate fiends, as they wrangle in horrid sport over their agonizing victims. Perhaps, when the cold hand of death is laid upon the beating heart, the grim specter of annihilation stalks before his gaze, and the closing grave shuts from him the contemplation of all that is lovely and consoling.

Progression is an approximation to perfection, and is most comprehensive signification, is that principle of the universe by which matter, through its eternal cycles of development, is continually approaching its great intelligent Source, and becoming more refined or spiritual. From a clear understanding of this doctrine flow spontaneously the doctrines of immortality, eternal happiness, and universal harmony.

Thus in the earlier stages of society, even while man yet dwelt in caves and clefts of the mountains, we find them entertaining truly philosophical views of a future state and the "Spirit-land." Then, the spirit, free from the dark atmosphere which is now thrown around it, by minds that have wandered from the light, rose voluntarily upward in search of its equilibrium, and basked in the glorious beams of the eternal Sun. Many of the ancient schools taught the immortality of the soul, not merely from hereditary impression, or by a dogmatic assertion; but by the most lucid and profound arguments deduced from their investigations of Matter and Motion. "In some of their schools they taught that the soul was literally a part of the Deity, whom they supposed to be the *anima mundi*, or the universal Soul of the world, and consequently when it left the body, it would return to its great original Center."

And many of those towering intellects, whose names have come down to us with the affixed stigma of "impostor" or "heathen," foresaw in the progressive tendency of every thing, the ultimate resolution of all imperfect and discordant things into one harmonious whole.

From these considerations it follows that the mind, when favorably developed, and free from all arbitrary or unnatural influences, intuitively receives the truth of the general principles of the Universe. And we deem the inference fair, that, in order to free the mind from the thralldom of unnatural influences, it is necessary to teach the same principles, which in its natural state it readily receives and appreciates. We, therefore, consider the doctrine of progression, and its attending influences—immortality, happiness, etc., to be essential and all-powerful in the cause of reorganization and reform.

The human spirit contains in the elements of its constitution, a perfect proof of its glorious destiny. It is adapted to a higher and more extensive sphere of existence than this, and imperatively requires the light of the inner world for its well-being and gradual unfolding. The seed or germ by its inherent principles or constitution, demonstrates the exact quality of soil essential to its development. The spirit by its universal thirst for endless existence, exhibits the relation existing between itself and immortality, and thus clearly proves its future destination. If man desires immortality, it is because he is immortal; if he thirsts for the pure delights of a celestial home, it is because he has already drank deep of the "waters that spring up to everlasting life;" if he longs for happiness, it is a proof of his affinity for heaven.

All this must be received as evidence that the spirit, by virtue of its peculiar constitution, is destined to live for ever and realize the development of its powers. It must be there is a land where beauty, and glory, and perfection, shall be spread out before our gaze for ever; where the skies shall not bedarkened by the frown of the tempest, and the demon of destruction shall lay waste no more. It must be there is a home where the poor and the destitute, the rich and the aged, may gather together and rejoice in the blessings of peace and plenteousness; where the friends we have mourned shall again fly to our embrace, and angels shall whisper to the diaconolate—all is well. Then will the deep longings for universal harmony, pure love, and man's exalted wisdom be gratified. Then will low desires and partial views give place to higher, nobler, more angelic powers, and Man at length be fitted to receive instructions from the great Fount of all goodness and perfection.

Before you consent to that which is wrong—prostitute the noblest powers God has given you to base and unholy purposes, will you pause and reflect a moment upon the dignity of your own nature? You are but little lower than the angels. From your rank in the scale of being, you are allied to the whole spiritual world.

## Psychological Phenomena.

### SPIRIT SIGHT AND SPIRIT FORMS.

We copy the following from an exchange paper. In the light of the Interior Philosophy it is easily explained.—ED.

It may not be generally known that the abstruse, and more or less mysterious subjects of prophetic dreams, presentiments, somnambulism, catalepsy, second-sight, and aspirations of various kinds, have been lately made the subject of profound philosophical inquiries by a large number of German minds of the highest order, more especially in connection with the new light thrown upon the more mysterious phenomena of mind, by mesmerism and by animal magnetism. Among those who have particularly distinguished themselves in this laborious and often unsatisfactory path of inquiry, are Drs. Kerner, Stilling, Werner, Eschenmayer, Ennemoser, Passavant, Schubert, and Von Meyer.

Many of the results at which these learned men arrived, are of a very transcendental character. It is a distinctive characteristic of the thinkers of Germany, that, in the first place they do think independently and courageously; and in the second, that they never shrink from promulgating the opinions that they have been led to form, however new, strange, or heterodox they may appear to others. They do not succumb, as people do in this country, to the fear of the ridiculous; nor are they in danger of the odium that here pursues those who deviate from established notions; and the consequence is, that, though many fallacious theories and untenable propositions may be advanced, a great deal of new truth is struck out from the collision; and the result, as must always be the case with that is true, lives and is established, while what is false, dies and is forgotten.

Those who, in virtue of their moral and intellectual independence, can afford to approach this subject without that skepticism which denies without investigation, and which is quite as perilous, and is much more contemptible than the blind credulity which accepts all that is taught without inquiry, will, whatever may be the results upon their own convictions, avail themselves with gladness and with gratitude of the *abréviation* given of these recent investigations by Mrs. Crowe, in a work for which she has preserved the Germanic title of the "Night Side of Nature," and in which she develops, in clear and simple language, without the slightest pretensions to dogmatic or forced opinions, views of the objective or external existence of spirits, which are totally opposed to the subjective or illusionary theories of Doctors Ferrier and Hiltbert, and which involve to a certain extent, opinions previously entertained by an antiquated and unreformed church upon the same subject.

With respect to what is termed the Invisible world, the fact that we do not commonly see them, forms no legitimate objection to the hypothesis of our being surrounded by a world of spirits, or of that world being inter-diffused among us. The circumstance by which we alone become cognisant of their existence, is when there is a relation, or what Mrs. Crowe expresses by the mesmeric phrase *rapport*, established by the will of the spirit or of the living, the one with the other. They then see the spirit and hear it, although the medium by which men do so may not always be the same as those used in converse with the material world. As this will be better understood by an example, we take one from Mrs. Crowe, being a passage from a letter of St. Augustine to his friend Evadne:

"I will relate to you a circumstance," he writes, "which will furnish you matter for reflection. Our brother Sennadius, well known to us as an eminent physician, and whom we especially love, who is now at Carthage, after having distinguished himself at Rome, and with whose piety and active benevolence you are well acquainted, could yet, nevertheless, as he has lately narrated to us, by any means bring himself to believe in a life after death. Now God, doubtless, not willing that his soul should perish, there appeared to him, one night in a dream, a radiant youth of noble aspect, who bade him follow him; and as Sennadius obeyed, they came to a city where, on the right side he heard a chorus of most heavenly voices. As he desired

to know whence this divine harmony proceeded, the youth told him that what he heard were the songs of the blessed; whereupon he awoke and thought no more of his dream than people usually do. On another night, however, behold! the youth appears to him again, and asks if he knows him; and Sennadius related to him all the particulars of his former dream, which he well remembered. ‘Then,’ said the youth ‘was it while sleeping or waking you saw these things?’ ‘I was sleeping,’ answered Sennadius. ‘You are right,’ returned the youth, ‘it was in your sleep that you saw these things; and know, oh Sennadius, that what you now see is also in your sleep. But if this be so, tell me where then is your body?’ ‘In my bed-chamber,’ answered Sennadius. ‘But know you not,’ continued the stranger, ‘that your eyes, which form a part of your body, are closed and inactive?’ ‘I know it,’ answered he. ‘Then,’ said the youth, ‘with what eyes see you these things?’ And Sennadius could not answer him; and as he hesitated the youth spoke again, and explained to him the motive of his questions. ‘As the eyes of your body,’ said he, ‘which lies now on your bed and sleeps, are inactive and useless, and yet you have eyes wherewith you see me, and these things I have shown unto you; so after death, when these bodily organs fail you, you will have a vital power, whereby you will live; and sensible faculty whereby you will perceive. Doubt, therefore, no longer, that there is a life after death.’ ‘And thus,’ said the excellent man, ‘was I convinced, and all my doubts removed?’

This spirit—the dweller in the temple—as Mrs. Crowe beautifully calls it, sometimes looks abroad, even in the ordinary times of sleep, and the more it is disentangled at such times from the obstructions of the body, the more clear are its perceptions.

The following dream, as it regards the fate of a very interesting person, and is, I believe, very little known, I will relate, though the story is of somewhat an old date:

Major Andre, the circumstances of whose lamented death are too well known to make it necessary for me to detail them here, was a friend of Miss Seward’s, and, previously to his embarkation for America, he made a journey into Derbyshire, to pay her a visit, and it was arranged that they should ride over to see the wonders of the Peak, and introduce Andre to Newton, her minstrel, as she called him, and to Mr. Cunningham, the curate, who was also a poet.

While these two gentlemen were awaiting the arrival of their guests, of whose intentions they had been apprised, Mr. Cunningham mentioned to Newton that, on the preceding night, he had had a very extraordinary dream, which he could not get out of his head. He had fancied himself in a forest; the place was strange to him; and, while looking about, he perceived a horseman approaching at great speed, who had scarcely reached the spot where the dreamer stood, when three men rushed out of the thicket, and, seizing his bridle, hurried him away, after closely searching his person. The countenance of the stranger being very interesting, the sympathy felt by the sleeper for his apparent misfortune awoke him; but he presently fell asleep again, and dreamed that he was standing near a great city, among thousands of people, and that he saw the same person he had seen seized in the wood, brought out and suspended to a gallows. When Andre and Miss Seward arrived, he was horror-struck to perceive that his new acquaintance was the anti-type of the man in the dream.

Closely allied to this, are also the phenomena of warnings, double dreaming, and wraiths; that is, the seeing a person in the moment of death, in a place where bodily he is not, and of which there are few persons who have not heard among their friends and acquaintances. Among the numerous instances which Mrs. Crowe has collected of well-authenticated cases of all these phenomina, as well also of what the Germans called “Doppelgängers,” or doubles, there is one which possesses additional interest, from its illustrating the fact that children have not naturally a dread of apparitions; on the contrary, viewed in the light in which the German philosophers would insist upon, the visits of spirits should in most cases be considered as a favor conferred.

A lady with her child embarked on board a vessel at Jamaica, for the purpose of visiting her friends in England, leaving her

husband quite well. It was a sailing packet; and they had been some time at sea, when, one evening, while the child was kneeling before her, saying his prayers, previously to going to rest, he suddenly said, looking eagerly to a particular spot in the cabin, “Mamma, Pa!” “Nonsense, my dear!” the mother answered; “you know your papa is not here!” “He is, indeed, mamma,” returned the child, “he is looking at us now!” Nor could she convince him to the contrary. When she went on deck, she mentioned the circumstance to the captain, who thought it so strange that he said he would note down the date of the occurrence. The lady begged him not to do so, saying it was attaching a significance to it which would make her miserable; he did it, however, and shortly after her arrival in England, she learned that her husband had died exactly at that period.

It is not solely where the affections are concerned, that spirits cling. The apparitions of deceased persons haunt a locality or a person, or persons, to obtain rites of burial, to denounce crime, to obtain justice for the living, as a punishment apparently for their own sins, as well as a visitation upon others, and for a variety of objects, some of which are not always readily understood. Here is an example of troubled spirits, which would be well adapted for pictorial effect.

There is an old saying, that we should never lie down to rest at enmity with any human being; and the story of the ghost of the Princess Anna of Saxony, who appeared to Duke Christian of Saxe-Eisenburg, is strongly confirmatory of the wisdom of this axiom.

Duke Christian was sitting one morning in his study, and he was surprised by a knock at the door—an unusual circumstance, since the guards, as well as the people in waiting, were always in the anti-room. He, however, cried, “Come in!” when there entered, to his amazement, a lady in ancient costume, who, in answer to his inquiries, told him that she was no evil spirit, and would do him no harm; but that she was one of his ancestors, and had been the wife of Duke John Casimer, of Saxe-Coburg. She then related that she and her husband had not been on good terms at the period of their deaths, and that although she had sought a reconciliation, he had been inexorable; pursuing her with unmitigated hatred, and injuring her by unjust suspicions; and that, consequently, although she was happy, he was still wandering in cold and darkness, betwixt time and eternity. She had, however, long known that one of their descendants was destined to effect this reconciliation for them, and they were rejoiced to find the time for it at length arrived. She then gave the duke eight days to consider if he were willing to perform this good office, and disappeared; whereupon he consulted a clergyman, in whom he had great confidence, who, after finding the ghost’s communications verified, by a reference to the annals of the family, advised him to comply with her request.

As the duke had yet some difficulty in believing it was really a ghost he had seen, he took care to have his door well watched; she, however, entered at the appointed time, unseen by the attendants; and, having received the duke’s promise, she told him that she would return with her husband on the following night; for that, though she could come by day, he could not; and then, having heard the circumstances, the duke must arbitrate between them, and unite their hands and bless them. The door was still watched, but nevertheless the apparitions both came, the Duke Casimer in full royal costume, but of a livid paleness; and when the wife had told her story, he told his. Duke Christian decided for the lady, in which judgment Duke Casimer fully acquiesced. Christian then took the ice-cold hand of Casimer and laid it in that of his wife, which felt of a natural heat. They then prayed and sang together, and the apparitions disappeared, having foretold that Duke Christian would ere long be with them. The family records showed that these people had lived about one hundred years before Duke Christian’s time, who himself died in the year 1707, two years after these visits of his ancestors. He desired to be buried in quick lime, it is supposed, from an idea that it might prevent the ghost walking the earth.

The costume in which they appeared was precisely that they had worn when alive, as was ascertained by a reference to their portraits.

The expressions that her husband was *wandering in cold and darkness, betwixt time and eternity*, are here, very worthy of observation; as are the circumstances that his hand was cold while hers was warm, and also the greater privilege she seemed to enjoy. The hands of the unhappy spirits appear, I think, invariably to communicate a sensation of cold.

I have heard of three instances, of persons now alive, who declare that they hold continual intercourse with their deceased partners. One of these is a naval officer, whom the author of the book lately published, called "The Unseen World," appears to be acquainted with. The second is a professor in a college in America, a man of eminence and learning, and full of activity and energy, yet he assured a friend of mine that he receives constant visits from his departed wife, which afforded him great satisfaction. The third example is a lady in this country. She is united to a second husband, has been extremely happy in both marriages, and declares that she receives frequent visits from her first. Oberlin, the good pastor of *Ban de la Roche*, asserted the same thing of himself. His wife came to him frequently after her death; was seen by the rest of his household as well as himself, and warned him beforehand of many events that occurred.

Also another to illustrate the anxiety which appears to follow some in their spiritual existence to have such a restitution of property unjustly obtained as may afford comfort and satisfaction to their spiritual consciences.

Dr. Bretton, who was late in life appointed rector of Ludgate, lived previously in Herefordshire, where he married the daughter of Dr. Santer, a woman of great piety and virtue. This lady died; and one day a former servant of hers, to whom she had been attached, and who had since married, was nursing her child in her own cottage, the door opened, and a lady entered so exactly resembling the late Mrs. Bretton in dress and appearance, that she exclaimed: "If my mistress were not dead, I should think you were she!" Whereupon the apparition told her that she was so, and requested her to go with her, as she had business of importance to communicate. Alice objected, being very much frightened, and entreated her to address herself rather to Dr. Bretton, but Mrs. B. answered that she had endeavored to do so, and had been several times in his room for that purpose, but he was still asleep, and she had no power to do more toward awaking him than once uncover his feet. Alice then pleaded that she had nobody to leave with her child; but Mrs. B. promising that the child should sleep till her return, she at length obeyed the summons, and, having accompanied the apparition into a large field, the latter made her observe how much she measured off with her feet, and, having taken considerable compass, she bade her go and tell her brother that all that portion had been wrongfully taken from the poor by their father; that he must restore it to them, adding, that she was the more concerned about it since her name had been used in the transaction. Alice then asking how she should satisfy the gentleman of the truth of her mission, Mrs. B. mentioned to her some circumstance known only to her and this brother; she then entered into much discourse with the woman and gave her a great deal of good advice, remaining till hearing the sound of horse-bells, she said: "Alice, I must be seen by none but yourself," and then disappeared. Whereupon, Alice proceeded to Dr. Bretton, who admitted that he had actually heard some one walking about his room in a way he could not account for. On mentioning the thing to the brother, he laughed heartily, till Alice communicated the secret which constituted her credentials, upon which he changed his tone, and declared himself ready to make the required restitution.

This story further exhibits, in a remarkable manner, the different receptivity of persons, and serves to explain why it is that apparitions often address themselves to a second or third person, instead of the one immediately concerned.

MAN may even claim kindred with God himself, for he wears that awful image! Then be not irreverent, profane or thoughtless. Walk in the spirit. Live for truth and virtue—for humanity and heaven.

## CHARLES FOURIER.

ON the 7th of April, 1772, was born, in France, CHARLES FOURIER, the same year that Emanuel Swedenborg left this for another sphere. Fourier lived 65 years, having died in poverty and comparative obscurity in 1837. His disciples in France, in Germany, in England, and in this country, numbering thousands of all classes, from the humble *ouvrier* to the distinguished Councillor of State, now meet to celebrate his advent, "with music and song, and words of congratulation and hope." But who is this Charles Fourier, and what has he said or done that the 7th of April should be kept as a High Festival? His biographer informs us that he was born the son of a woolen draper, in Besancon, France. The first step remarkable in his education, he says, "was being punished for telling the truth in the shop of his father when only five years old!" It was the first hint his mind had received of the necessary dishonesty of commercial dealing as now conducted. Fourier never forgot this punishment. At school he was remarkable for his diligence, and his passion for flowers and for music. He was early noticed as given to acts of benevolence unusual for a child. When eighteen years of age he entered as clerk in a commercial house in the city of Lyons. In the capacity of agent he traveled through the principal cities of Europe. His father died in 1793, leaving him a small fortune, which was soon after lost in the siege and ransacking of Lyons, during the calamitous period of the first revolution. Fourier, with others, was thrown into prison, and condemned by the blood-thirsty tools of the Convention to perish on the scaffold, but finally escaped. After being obliged, with many of the young men of his day, to serve two years in the army, he again, when at liberty, engaged himself as a clerk in a commercial house in Lyons. Here, in 1798, he was obliged to superintend a body of men while they cast an immense quantity of rice into the Rhone. (In the hope of making a great profit the rice had been kept until it was spoiled.) This transaction, it seems, was the turning point in Fourier's history. It opened his eyes widely to the terrible abuses of monopoly and the other fraudulent operations of commerce. He took to doing what in other days and times among commercial men in their clerks would be considered and treated as audacious. *He took to thinking!* He determined to devote himself to study to see if he might not discover the means of permanently and effectually preventing those horrid crimes against man and God. From that day until 1815 he continued to study and to write. The results of his labors are now before the public in several Treatises, the principle of which are entitled "Theory of the Four Movements," "Theory of Universal Unity, or a Treatise on Agricultural Association," "The New Industrial World," "False Industry," &c. These works, written in French, are most of them now in process of translation. The best abstract of his views that we are acquainted with is a book called "A Popular View of the Doctrine of Charles Fourier," by Parke Goodwin.

Fourier's works, so far as we are acquainted with them, are full of wisdom and deep suggestion. He launches into all subjects with a bold and hopeful earnestness, and if he goes beyond his depth it is always sublimely and nobly that he steers his course. His theory of the propagation of worlds is one of the most stupendous flights of the imagination, and shows a mind almost omnipotently constructive. Such a mind when it grapples with the practical questions of life draws order out of confusion, as an Orpheus or a Beethoven would draw harmony out of a harp. His mind was large enough to grasp the whole of a subject, and keen enough to master all its details. It is this largeness and wholeness, this likeness to Great Nature, which puzzles the ordinary reader. Some call him a sensualist because he does not discard the senses. Some call him a dreamer, because he would have us live for other things than self and matter. He is truly both a spiritualist and a sensualist, both selfish and unselfish. He would destroy none of the faculties, and shut out none of the motives, but cultivate all in harmony and according to their grand and manifold design. The day when his great prophecies will be realized is of course at some distance. His is a discovery of great natural laws by which human society may grow up to its maturity.—[Chronotype].

THE UNIVERCÖLUM  
AND  
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1848.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

THE inward principle in all things is unfolded progressively, and is made to assume a variety of forms, more or less perfect, corresponding to the interior growth and refinement. Its first and inferior manifestations are seen in the rude shapes of the mineral kingdom. When the superior forms of the vegetable world are developed, the vital principle goes out to pervade and animate the more perfectly organized bodies of the animal creation. The principle of life cannot be manifested in the mineral; sensation does not belong to the vegetable, nor intelligence to the animal. It is true that the several kingdoms are so closely connected that it may be difficult by any process founded on mere sensuous observation, to mark the transition point, where motion becomes life, where life terminates in sensation, or where motion, life, and sensation, combine to develop the true God-image—INTELLIGENCE.

But we are not now concerned in this question. The precise point where the transition occurs, is not essential to our present purpose. But we discover a law here, which will be found to pervade and govern all things in being. Existence in all its forms is two-fold—the inward principle and the outward expression. The gross material elements are pervaded with subtle essences, and all visible forms are but the diversified and ever-changing manifestations of the interior and endlessly unfolding Life. The vitality of the outward form is gradually absorbed by the spirit. As the former loses its warmth and flexibility, the growth of the latter begins to be checked, so that it becomes necessary to throw off the outward covering of the spirit that it may be clothed with a new and more beautiful form, better adapted to its further growth and perfection. It will be perceived that what we call death, or the decomposition of organic bodies, when it occurs in the order of nature, is a certain indication of inward growth and the development of a higher spirituality. It is by the immutable law of Life that all organized bodies are dissolved, each in its turn, as the interior principle in its progress, goes out to mold and quicken other and more congenial forms. Thus it is seen that there is no death, and the transition which is so designated, serves to mark the beginning of a more perfect life.

The comparative perfection of outward forms indicate the several degrees of interior refinement. When the inherent life as manifested in any organized body, is expanded and perfected as far as the nature of such imperfect organism will allow, the form is dissolved, while the principle is quickened and “clothed upon” by a more glorious body. This idea finds an expression in the language of an ancient spiritual philosopher. “Though the outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed.” It is true that the vitality of the body is absorbed and expended by the mind; and when the latter is deeply and constantly exercised, the former is gradually enfeebled. There are cases where the interior action increases in power and intensity, until the spirit is invested with an unearthly strength and beauty, which is often the sure precursor of the transition to a higher sphere.

But RELIGION has, also, an outward form and an inward life—a body and a soul. The spirit is immortal, but the body, like all external forms, may be decomposed. The same law will be found to control the formation and dissolution of all outward forms in religion. History and observation, as well as our own soul-experiences, infallibly indicate that, as the inward principle is ever unfolding, the outward organizations with which

the religious principle is clothed, must be changed. The spirit of Religion, like the soul of man and the energizing principle in all things, can only pervade and animate one body, so long as that body is adapted to its growth and refinement. Hence the various forms which Religion has assumed in different ages and countries. A moment's reflection will be sufficient to impress the philosophic mind with the truth that these outward forms have corresponded in their nature and comparative perfection, to the various degrees of spiritual growth and illumination.

I cannot withhold the remark, that the same general law will be found to govern all *political institutions*. When the spirit of the government is no longer represented by its outward structure; when it finds the form in which it is enshrined too narrow or inflexible, to admit of the freedom and expansion required, the old body is dissolved, and is succeeded by new and more beautiful forms. The whole world is now summoned to witness this transition; and while we write, the process is going on among the most enlightened and powerful nations of Europe.

But in this article we propose to confine our observations to Religion. That the ever-expanding life will destroy the outward arbitrary form, is rendered certain as the natural and uniform operation of eternally existing laws. The old forms and organisms in Religion have well nigh answered the end of their being. It is not denied that they have served an important purpose in their time, but their existence must soon terminate, for the mission of Sectarism is about to close. The recording Angel has commenced the last page of its dark history, and the light of To-day shines athwart the portals of its sepulcher. We cannot worship there, with those who ‘seek the living among the dead.’ It is in vain to cling to these old forms. The springs which nourish the soul, making it strong and beautiful, are not found in these. Not without, are the fountains of life and joy, but *within* is the “well of water springing up into everlasting life.”

All existing religious formulas tend to restrict the mental freedom and spiritual development of man. They are, therefore, unsuited to the present age, and by a law which will admit of no exceptions, they must go back, and mingle with the elements of dissolved and forgotten things. An impression is rapidly gaining ground in the church and the world, that the religious principle is about to clothe itself with a new body of more refined materials and delicate structure. The Church of the Future must be built on the same foundation as the Church of the Past. “Other foundation can no man lay,” but it is certain that we require a new, and, in many respects, a different superstructure. We must have a church whose articles of faith shall be the moral precepts of Jesus—whose sacred books shall comprehend and unfold the discovered principles and the concentrated wisdom of all ages—whose ministers shall be employed to illustrate the philosophy of the Material and Spiritual Universe, and to instruct the people in the true science of life. In this Church there must be no arbitrary and specific rules, regarding the peculiar faith and speculative opinions of the individual—no compulsive forces or unnatural restraints, within or without—but the members must be drawn together by the principle of spiritual attraction. The union, if real and permanent, will result from natural affinities, and be rendered complete in that LOVE, which is the highest law in earth or heaven.

Arrangements should be made immediately to establish a Church of Humanity, in this city. A church whose sacraments shall be feasts of charity given to the poor—whose constant prayer shall be one mighty and unceasing effort to do good, and whose perpetual and eloquent sermon shall be a spotless life. A church where every true Reformer may have full liberty to utter his own thought, in his own way; and where the pure in heart and the free in spirit, of every name, shall gather to receive instruction.

One friend has spoken earnestly on this subject, as will be seen from the letter which follows this article. Let others speak as they are moved.

## CHURCH OF HUMANITY.

MESSRS. EDITORS OF THE UNIVERGELUM: As the time has now arrived when the Church, as an organization for the spiritual sustenance of man, wholly fails to meet the wants which are every where clamoring for relief, it becomes apparent that some new embodiment of the religious principle must be obtained, in order to supply the continually increasing demand, for "LIGHT—MORE LIGHT," which we hear in every quarter. Casting behind as then, all the bigotry of Sectarism, and all the old Conservatism of the schools, we must come up to a higher plane of action than has yet been occupied; though, in doing so, we may trample under foot the rusty links of worn-out creeds, and the mouldering fragments of old Intolerance. However sacred these may have been—however holy they may still appear to the masses of men—we should not forget that their mission is accomplished—their life is closed—and the time has come when they must be laid decently to sleep in the sepulcher of their fathers. It is not in human power much longer to delay this hour of the final restitution, of "dust to dust," for when life has wholly gone out of any thing, it cannot, by any artificial means, be made to perform or exercise for a long time, any of the functions of life. It must obey the great law of its destiny. It is dead; and it must be buried; or it will decompose above ground, and infect the atmosphere. Precisely in this condition now stands the Old Church—the Church of the Past. The soul has long since gone out of it. It is a cold, dead corpse, and nothing else; and whatever power of galvanism the interested may exert, to urge it into a kind of muscular exhibition of vitality—still, it is dead; and though it is made to

"Play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,"

these only make its ghastliness the more apparent and loathsome.

Disregarding all but the sacred injunctions of Truth and Right, we must, then, come up—and that speedily—to a position where Thought and Will, together with their corresponding action, may be perfectly free—where every man may fearlessly investigate the mythical, and the mystical, whether they may have been sanctified, and taught, in the name of God, or of Brahma, of Mahomet, or of Jesus—where he may enter serenely into all truth—and, having done this, may boldly utter his opinions, and proclaim his honest convictions, without hope of favor, or fear of disfranchisement at the hands of his fellow men. This is something which has, hitherto, never been. There is no spot upon the face of the earth—not even among our most enlightened religious sects, where opinions are not made to bear upon character. Nevertheless, the present eventful time embosoms a luminous point of perfect religious liberty toward which all the Ages, and all the Religions of the Ages, with their progressive systems, have been converging.

I need not ask if any Church organism of the present can embody this spirit. We all know that among the most liberal, we meet with creeds, and test-questions on the very threshold; and if we go in among them, we shall find that their livery is like all other liveries, a badge of servitude. We must put on their shackles. We have sold ourselves for a price—that is to say, for respectability, or standing in society—or some equivalent to that—or it may be we were honest; but whatever our motives are when we go into the Churches we must leave our liberty behind us; we become serfs, and bondmen, we can no longer be free. Our Will, and Opinion, and Belief, are not our own; so if they do not appear in good shape, they must be pared down, and modified; and our very Conscience must be subjected to the Procrustean torture of a creed; and its overgrowth chopped off, at the discretion of erring and fallible beings like ourselves. This is no exaggeration; for if any mind, more luminous than its neighbors, reaches out farther into the dark than they can do, it is immediately summoned to a reckoning; and it makes no difference how clear, how beautiful, how important, and how perfect, have been the revelations made through it, if it will not consent to put out its own eyes, or at the least to go blindfold through all the future, it is immediately attacked with all the bitterness of vituperation and abuse—its motives are impugned—its reputation is assailed—it is excom-

municated; and, as far as possible, victimized by the great and foul Superstition, that has, for ages, usurped the Throne of Judgment, and presumed to wield the scepter of Omnipotence.

Now, in this emergency, what shall be done? Men need some outward form—some sensible embodiment of the religious principle; and they must, and will have it. Here are thousands of minds yearning for light, pining for liberty. They can find little satisfaction, or hope, in any of the churches—and should they, in sooth, presume to utter their honest convictions, all those self-sanctified doors would be barred against them. What shall we do? Shall we attempt to put out the light? Shall we make an effort of retrogradation; and so that we and our companions may sleep a little while longer, and no untimely dawn disturb our repose, shall we go back, far as we may into the old darkness? But is it idle talking thus. We can neither quench the light, or go backward; for both are impossible.

Now is the time for action—for wise, energetic and concerted action! The newly wakened and wondering soul is loudly calling for this. The spirit of the age demands it. Here are multitudes who have rejected, or are prepared to reject, all the old forms of belief; and having nothing instead to take hold of, are drifting about in the wide and stormy sea of Thought; and many of them are struggling on the shoals of Skepticism; and many others are fast approaching the cold and barren shores of total Unbelief. In order to save them from destruction, we must present to them an acceptable religion—not an abstract conception, invested only with intangible and mythical attributes, but a Faith that is vital with good deeds—a religion of humanity boundless as the universe—a religion of love deep and inexhaustible as its infinite Source. We must divest Truth of all her extrinsic deformities—of all her grotesque and monstrous garniture—and present her in the full and sacred beauty of her nakedness; and then the universal heart must welcome her—the universal soul must respond to her call.

Brethren—all who either are, or who wish to be free—come up to us in the holy mountain of Truth—and let us build—not three temples, which may be dedicated to any Moses, or Elias, or even Christ—but one great platform, wholly above the dense shadows of Bigotry and Sectarism, where the whole world may stand in the full light of Reason, and Truth, and Liberty—entering into each, and receiving each into themselves, until all shall become imbued with the purity and grandeur of the reciprocal infinitude. Let us thus unite together; and the holy Shekinah, with greater glory than it ever knew of old, shall be unfolded in our midst.

Come, then, all who are free—all who are pining for liberty—all who have begun even to question the legitimacy of their bonds—all who are laboring for the progress of Humanity—all who would assist in pulling down the Wrong—all who would give aid in building up the Right—come, and help us to establish a CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE—a Church of Humanity—whose constitution shall recognize, and maintain, the natural and necessary laws of progress and of growth.

There are hundreds, if not thousands, in this single city, who are panting for living waters as the hart panteth for the water brooks. Unfurl your standard, and they will gather round it with the eagerness and zeal of a great joy. As the polar star to the storm-tossed mariner, so shall a consistent and practicable religion be to these struggling, doubting, disconsolate souls.

It matters not by what names we are called; for are not we all as brethren, laboring for a single great specific object—the amelioration of the social organism—each according to his own point of view, and the circumstances that immediately surround and act upon him. We, all of us perhaps, feel the necessity of providing some subsidiary deposite of the vital principle, which may take the place of the old churches, and supply the spiritual wants which they have long since ceased to meet. Why should we not then act as brethren, and co-operate in this great and important work? Here is a position broad enough for all—for this high-ground of perfect tolerance—this spiritual and practical exemplification of the largest liberty is infinite.

You will, if you think best to do so, publish this call; and remember that it is not merely of one, but of hundreds who have

become disgusted with the moldering shreds of a time-worn Orthodoxy, who are now seeking spiritual companionship, direction and light.

And in the sacred name of divine Humanity, I bid you God speed! Yours, in the hope of a better day,

NEW YORK, April 20th 1848.

W. H. W.

BOTANY.  
FURTHER ADVANTAGES OF THE STUDY.

THE knowledge of botanical science opens the way to professional distinctions, and collegiate professorships. Though ignorance on this subject is tolerated in the medical profession, yet science will have its reward; and, hence, other things being equal, the student will always take precedence of the mere practitioner. The profession of Medicine is very closely dependent on that branch of botanical science, which is termed VEGETABLE TOXICOLOGY; yet medical students are, proverbially, and miserably, deficient in this knowledge—as many wise and excellent men among them have complained; and, for the most part, they content themselves with furnishing prescriptions, directing the apothecary to prepare compositions which are frequently destructive, without caring to know the properties, habits, and philosophy, of equally efficient, and far more genial medicines, which the all-provident Father may have planted at their very doors.

I have conversed with two medical men of considerable distinction, who knew no difference between Conium and Cicuta, supposing them to be the same plant; and they acknowledged they had been in the habit of administering them indiscriminately for years. They would not, indeed give up the point, until I had appealed to Dr. Bigelow's descriptions, as I had then no specimens at hand to illustrate the difference, which, in the whole appearance of the two herbs, is very marked and striking. Now, as Cicuta is the most active and deadly of all our vegetable poisons, such careless indiscrimination might produce fatal consequences. And another physician told me, rather as a matter of boast, that he did not know one herb from another—that when he wanted catmint, wormwood, or any other herb, he always ordered it from the apothecary, and administered the medicine without ever being able to tell, for a certainty, what it might be. Should such ignorance be tolerated in those who have the special care of human health, and human life?

"But," it is frequently asked with a confident sneer, "after all, of what use is it for common people to study Botany?" Dr. Thompson answers this question, by relating an anecdote of the famous Greek philosopher, Heraclitus. This philosopher, though poor, was much respected, and visited by persons of the highest rank. One day when certain of the nobles came to consult him, they found him paring turnips for his supper, and warming himself in a kitchen. The meanness of the place caused them to stop; upon which Heraclitus thus accosted them: "Enter, for here, too, there are gods." And, I may add, that where the gods dwell—or where God is—there must be happiness, there must be good.

It has been frequently said that this study is peculiarly adapted to females. In the discipline it affords; in the love of order it induces; in the discrimination it gives; we see important uses. Most females of the middling and upper classes are apt to fall into sedentary habits. To these it holds out a motive for active and healthful exercise. It enlarges the sphere of innocent enjoyment. It gives to every season a new and peculiar interest. All the changes of the year become invested with new truths, and a new beauty. The Botanist goes forth with the first pale blossom of Spring. She wanders through the fields when clad in their summer luxury of beauty. She lingers fondly over the few sad flowers of parting Autumn; and even in the rigid mosses of Winter—in the swelling bud, and the rising sap, she can find subjects for study, and for happiness.

In the zealous pursuit of Truth the mind is exalted above all that is low, and mean, and futile. The beauty and elegance of the objects that Botany considers give a more exquisite delicacy to the taste; and, at the same time, refine and elevate the thoughts, and the affections; and the scholar will find that

while his reason has been instructed, and his fancy pleased, his heart has been warmed by a clearer perception of beauty—by a closer union with truth. "He shall find," to use the words of a celebrated writer on the subject, "Botany not merely an amusement—or an assistance to many other arts—but a school for the mental powers—an alluring incitement to the young mind to try its growing strength; and a confirmation of the most enlightened understanding in some of its sublimest and most important truths."

Should our young ladies be told that the study of Botany would make them more beautiful, their attention and their interest would, I doubt not, be instantly arrested; and though I disapprove of holding out inferior motives to the young, still, I think that the rich bloom of health—the expression of a roused and conscious intellect—vigor of limb—grace of motion—a habit of order—the faculty of nice discrimination—correct judgment—the amiable and winning manner which is prompted by a gentle and affectionate heart—and, above all, the indwelling presence of pure and exalted piety—these are beauties of person and of character, which they may innocently seek to combine, and to possess—nay, it is their duty to attain them.

The illustrious Josephine, wife of Napoleon, was passionately fond of Botany. She pursued it with an ardor characteristic of a genuine love of science; and I have no doubt that she has been made happier by the acquisition of a new flower, than ever she was by the subjugation of another kingdom. Well, it might be so; for, from the one she could gather new principles of truth, of beauty, of divine order; while in the other, her discriminating, clear, and far-reaching mind could perceive, in the wide and continually extending influence of despotic power, an interruption of the established order, and an outrage against all those principles which ameliorate the character, and establish the rights of man.

Josephine, encouraged with the earnest and straight-forward zeal which characterized her, the professors and amateur devotees of our favorite science; and to be a botanist was to have a passport to her most kindly attentions. Many of the ladies of her court, stimulated by her example, cultivated flowers with a view to scientific observations. France has always been distinguished for ardent devotion to this gem of sciences; and long before herbariums were made under the imperial signature, there were many great men and women, who shed the luster of genius over its charming pursuits.

In England they have Mrs. Marcet and Mrs. Somerville. In this country we have Mrs. Phelps, Miss Welsh, and a host of others whom they have been instrumental in producing. And shall we have no more? Will not the daughters of America, who possess greater advantages, and more real liberty, than any women in the world, emulate those of other countries in the work of self-education, and thus aid, and hasten, the progressive development of the Race?

G.

LIFE has well been called a pilgrimage. We travel on, finding places and things dear to us, because useful. One is to us a log, or moss hillock, on which we may sit and rest; another is a stone in the midst of a wide, deep brook, enabling us to cross dry; another is a root or fruit, to serve as food; another is a spring, where we may drink; another is a guideboard; &c., &c.

But we use them quickly, and pass on till we come to a place where all wants are supplied. Here we settle down to dwell, deeming that the present sufficiency will always last. But on the morrow we wake by a new want travailing in our bosom, and find we are to seek further. So we go on, regretting to leave, and yet leaving without regret.

Will we ever arrive at a goal, a sort of home, where all wants will be satisfied, and provisions made for all new and growing wants?

CHARLES WORTH.

REPENTANCE is an acknowledgment of weakness and insufficiency. When Nature grows a weed, builds a dangerous crag, or festers a miasmatic tarn, she makes use of them; she does not become their servant, nor their victim; nor does she pule prayers to them.

CHARLES WORTH.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

At the West there is great freedom of thought and action. The chains imposed by arbitrary systems, are falling asunder as they are smitten by the strong arm of the Reformer. The impulse of a higher life moves the Universal Heart, and its pulsations will ere long thrill through every fiber of the great system. The progress of the Spiritual Philosophy is rapid, at the West. Its reception by the best minds and its triumph over theological formulas, is certain. The religion of the future will regard as first in importance, the reformation of society and the true life and growth of the soul.

BRO. HARRIS has been instrumental in directing the attention of many advanced minds to this great subject. While on his late Western tour, he spent some days at Akron, where, from the influence of his labors and the earnest efforts of Bro. Dow, our paper has obtained a large circulation, and hundreds are seeking the light and urging their way upward to a higher sphere of thought and a wider field of usefulness.

We have just received a letter from Akron, from which it appears that sectarianism is yielding to the progress of the Spiritual Philosophy, as taught in the *Univercoelum*.

After referring to the condition of one of the churches, and the inability or indisposition of the people to sustain a preacher of the old theology, our correspondent says:

"It is now our object to procure a thorough practical and spiritual Reformer, to lead us onward and upward in the great cause of truth and humanity—one who has no creed nor Christ outside the great Book and Laws of Nature—and who can unfold, illustrate and harmonize the simple pages of this infinite volume of truth; and show their adaptedness to the natures and wants of man. One, in fine, who will not fear the rich, or pass by the poor; who will speak of the oppressed and the down-trodden of our race, and the causes that hold them, and the influences that surround them, as becometh a disciple of *Truth*; and who will not be bought, frightened, nor coaxed, to preach a popular falsehood. To such a man, Bro. BRITTAN, if you know of him, send him to this place, and he will be welcomed with opened arms. Bro. HARRIS, for instance, or one in his sphere of thought and exaltation, could command a salary of \$1,000, may be more. This is twice the amount that is usually paid here, though it may be small for a city. Very truly yours, J. G. D.

## NATURE'S TEMPLE.

BRO. BRITTAN:—I am now sitting in what I shall call Nature's House of Worship. It is situated near a mile from any house made with hands. It is in a sprout-land of white-birch, oak, chesnut, and pine. These stand in groups around me, though some at the same time are standing alone. There is a little opening in the immediate vicinity of where I am writing, with but a solitary birch and pine, standing entirely alone. These in solitude represent the isolated household; and the clusters represent the different groups in association. The first look lonely and sad—the latter look contented and happy, like a band of loving brothers and sisters.

My writing-stand consists of a pile of stones, one laid upon another till of sufficient height, and my seat consists of the same kind of material and structure. And now as I sit here in my house of worship, listening to the songs of the birds, and the lisping of the gentle breezes in the birch twigs and pine boughs, which are my preachers on this occasion; I hear in a distant village the ringing of bells to call the people to their respective houses of worship, where much time will be occupied by the speakers in explaining the true faith and form of worship, (as they term it,) by a due observance of which they will be saved and made happy in the "spirit-land." Each speaker has his peculiar way of pointing out the right way to this future happiness. And each one thinks his is the *true* and *only* way, and that all the rest are wrong, and will fail to be blessed by their ideal future. According to the preaching of all of them, they all will be blessed with a happy future, and, also, all will come short of it. But I will leave this matter with them. I see but little Christianity or good in such churches and worship. Their

God is a god of war and cruelty. And their Christianity is the same in practice. We see it manifested in the Mexican war. We see it in all wars. We see it among almost all classes of persons and professors of Christianity, and non-profs. We see it everywhere, the world over.

But let me come back to my house of worship, among my preachers and exemplars of Christianity. Here, I hear no antagonistic doctrines—though my preachers all differ in their ways. Not two are alike, and yet at the same time, all is peace and harmony. Each one tells his own story in his own way, and says nothing against the rest. And all unite as one in praising the Great Spirit that gave them being. Ah! and I too, join in with them. My soul sends forth its silent aspirations to Him who gave me being. Oh! did we but know and obey all the laws that govern us, we should be as happy as the birds. Should be perfectly healthy in body and mind. Love to one another, peace would reign triumphant. God speed that day! I hear human voices approaching my house, and will close my epistle.

Thy brother, R.

P. S.—The *Univercoelum* meets my wants. It is worth all the other publications to me; yea more, as some have said.

In Michigan there are many friends of practical and spiritual Christianity. We trust that the writer of the following will pardon the liberty we take in publishing his letter. We shall not be unmindful of any assistance he may be able to render us, either in procuring subscribers, or in writing for our columns.

WAYNE, Cass Co., Michigan, March 31st, 1848.

BRO. S. B. BRITTAN: I have received several numbers of the *Univercoelum*, for which you have my hearty thanks. I hope before long to give you in return something more substantial than empty thanks, in the shape of subscribers' names with the money in advance for your paper. My whole soul is with you in your noble effort for the diffusion of knowledge in "Philosophical Theology," and of "The Principles of Nature," in their application to individual and social life.

The soul of man pants for knowledge, as the hart for brooks of water; and any restraints laid upon its young energies to suppress its powers or restrict its liberties, is a violence done to its essential nature. Long have I rejoiced in the Universalist denomination as embodying in itself the elements of social, moral and religious reform. I looked up to those noble-hearted, high-minded men who led on in the effort to burst asunder the bands of religious tyranny, to open up a new and a better way to the fields of social and religious reform in the progress of mind.

But for a few years past I have witnessed with pain the efforts on the part of some among us to build up a party, rather than to urge on the tide of religious improvement, in whom the love of truth, in some measure, has given place to the love of sect, or denominational pride. My denomination is the world of mankind, my sect the whole human family.

I am far from believing all that I happen to read or hear—from adopting as true a proposition, simply because it is new. At the same time I am equally far from settling down in the conclusion that all that is worthy and truthful in science, religion and philosophy, has been presented to the world, so that we have nothing to do but quietly to believe what our fathers have taught. I have for a few years past felt the necessity of renewed exertion for religious and philosophic improvement—that our religious periodicals were becoming too tame and compromising in their character, that too much of a sameness has pervaded their columns, rendering them dull and insipid to the great mass of the reading and thinking part of the denomination, and the liberal-minded portion of community in general.

The character of the "Univercoelum" will, I think, accord in a great measure to the wants of society in these respects, uniting boldness of thought and independent investigation, with kindness, benevolence, and Christian charity, in the pursuit of its mission, and in defense of its positions and its aims. As such, though I am far from believing all it lays claim to as truth, I am heartily in its favor, and will do all in my power for its extension and support.

Yours, truly,

J.G.

## Original Poetry.

## STANZAS.

## ADDRESSED TO C. H.

THE earth's enrobed with russet hue—  
 But, hark! I hear them sing,  
 The Robin, and the Bird of blue,  
 Are predicating Spring.  
 How sweet to hear the merry strain  
 Proclaiming Spring hath come again.  
 The woods are wearing Autumn brown,  
 Retaining yet the Winter chill;  
 But May will don her flowery gown,  
 And clothe the heath and garbless hill  
 With flowerets fair—the woody spray  
 Will wear the green of blooming May.  
 Within the woodland dark and deep  
 By crag and cliff all gray,  
 Where flowering vines in wildness creep,  
 The brook will wend its way,  
 Bubbling o'er the wild cascade,  
 And trill along the opening glade.  
 How oft when Spring in beauty comes  
 New joys of life are known—  
 The joys our better years have felt  
 Are now, once more, our own—  
 It rolls around its beauties still—  
 But not for me blooms heath, or hill.  
 Yes, Spring is drawing Summer nigh;  
 But ah! 'twill lend, I fear,  
 Or bring to this lone heart a sigh,  
 And to these eyes a tear;  
 For melancholy's lonely rays  
 Loom sadly o'er the Pilgrim's ways.  
 That time may come with winning smiles,  
 And fields may bloom with flowers;  
 But weariness, and mirthless wiles,  
 Will cloud my Summer hours;  
 My struggling thoughts will wake, and fling  
 Their gloominess o'er the blooming Spring.  
 I know that I must struggle hard—  
 That sorrow must be mine—  
 My march in coldness will be bard  
 With rays that rarely shine,  
 In light to cheer me, as I climb  
 The rugged steep of Manhood's prime.  
 I feel a spirit o'er me sweeps  
 Which yet no shade can throw—  
 For Hope is up—and when she sleeps  
 My pulse will cease to glow—  
 Then let me onward press my way  
 Yes—onward still without dismay.  
 And as I seek the Hawthorn's shade,\*  
 Where soft Clematis† grows,  
 And thoughts of high philosophy,  
 The lofty Pine‡-tree throws,  
 Wilt thou then bless me, moving on,  
 And cheer each step of progress won?  
 When Summer comes, all fresh and fair,  
 And woods are waving green,  
 My hands shall gather flowers there,  
 Within the sylvan scene,  
 And twine a garland bright and rare—  
 And Caroline the wreath may wear.  
 The beetling crags near Sodus Bay  
 O'erlook two winding rills,  
 Whose slender waters move away

Between the blossom'd hills,  
 And flowers of shrub and graceful vine,  
 Like soft stars through the dimness shine.  
 And there I'll weave the Lily-white  
 With sweet Azalean-flower—  
 And Box and Eglantine, unite;—  
 The wild Rose in its bower  
 May warning yield the garland fair,  
 That I shall twine for Call to wear.  
 And as I wend the wildwood way,  
 Or climb the upland hill,  
 Or loiter by the brooks at play,  
 Forgetting bygone ill;  
 Or pause to catch the music's roar,  
 The mountain falls as leaning o'er;  
 My soul in Friendship will return  
 With recollection still,  
 And beat, responsive, in its turn  
 To thy dear heart and will—  
 And deem the time that's past away  
 An emblem of some brighter day.

Alton, N. Y. 1843.

M. T.

## WHY FEAR TO DIE?

BY OWEN G. WARREN.

WHAT if the seed put in the ground  
 Refuse to sprout and grow,  
 Where should we see the mighty tree  
 Or flower in Summer's glow?  
 The seed must die, but in its death  
 Feels an awakening power  
 That bears it on to higher life  
 In lovely plant and flower.  
 And if Man might refuse to die,  
 And still to this dull spot  
 Cling with unwavering desire,  
 How wretched were his lot!  
 His clay must perish—but, in death,  
 A changeless form is given  
 In which the spirit germ unfolds  
 Through its career in Heaven.  
 Sordid the mind and dull the soul  
 That never would go forth  
 Upon its upward, onward flight  
 Beyond this humble earth;  
 And low in being's scale it is  
 To wish no higher sphere—  
 To be content with all the sin  
 And shame that shrouds us here.  
 To me earth seems a stepping stone  
 To brighter worlds above—  
 A place where hate and wrongs are felt  
 To teach the worth of love.  
 Decked in immortal form we fly  
 From sorrow and unrest,  
 To realms where hearts are sundered not  
 And love is ne'er unblest.

## BEAUTY.

God, the undiluted good, is root and stock of beauty,  
 And every child of reason drew his essence from the stem;  
 Therefore it is of intuition, an innate hankering for home,  
 A sweet returning to the well, from which our spirit flowed,  
 That we, unconscious of a cause, should bask these darkened souls,  
 In some poor relics of the light that blazed in primal beauty,  
 And, even like as exiles of idolatry, should quaff from the ci-  
 terns of creation,  
 Stagnant draughts, for those fresh springs that rise in the  
 Creator.

\* Hawthorn.—Hope.    † Clematis.—Mental excellency.  
 ‡ Pine.—(*Pinus resinosa*).—Time and Philosophy.

TUPPER.

## Miscellaneous Department.

A LESSON  
FROM EARTH'S INTERIOR HISTORY.WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSELUM,  
BY CHARLES WORTH.

"DRUSE.—A cavity in a rock having its interior surface studded with crystals; or filled with water."—[Webster's Dictionary.]

DEEP in the bowels of a mountain was enshrined a family of crystals. They lined the inner surface of a cavelet in a solid rock. There had they been, encased together, chastely preserving their unrevealed worth of beauty from all tarnish and decay, while myriads of ages had constructed a huge section of Eternity, as a million corals build an island in the sea.

A thousand times had the mountain been convulsed with earthquakes; each one heaving it farther up into the cerulean pride of majesty; as every conflict in a great soul exalts it to a loftier strength, and spreads for it a firmer basis. At every throe its granite bones were rent, and many secrets of its minerals and springs disclosed.

But the little druse came not forth; it seemed that a cesarean process must bring it to light, where its iridescent beauty might paint the live soul of the Poet with hues of spiritual joy.

O, the dark, torpid, eviternal sleep which preceded the emancipation of those crystals! They had never looked on loveliness, never had glittered in the sunlight; never deftly swung and gleamed among the ringlets of a pure maiden's shining hair; (Earth does love to deck the beautiful human form with its mineral flowers and floral gems;) never gazed infinitely into the infinite stars, which seemed to be the studdings of their entitpyal druse infinitized, as God is Man infinitized; they had never told a word of the revelation of the marvelous and mysterious beauty of Earth's inner heart.

But while innumerable cycles of eternity passed by in taciturn majesty and solemn pomp; while generation on generation of consecutive ages slothfully crept into their oblivion—tombs, dug in the sterile deserts of the Past; while sholes of changes met, fought, labored, reveled, and sunk together into the bottomless, shoreless gulf of Ruin, had these crystals dreamed of System, Beauty, Use.

Electricity had gone down into that little subterrane with vague tidings of the sky, clouds, firmament, stars, rainbow, light, flowers, waters; and all of earth that's bright, beautiful, sublime, lovely, glorious. Gravity had penetrated there, and whispered, in their dreams, of Order and Law. The great Motion had many times half awakened them to consciousness of Desire, Hope, Aspiration, and their fulfillment, Progress. A vague something, as it were an encircling and permeating fire-music, had traced into their being in intangible but unerasable characters, an anticipation of the prophecy of spirituality. Purity, Truth, Love, Faith, Wisdom, all seemed to have breathed into them something of their own breath of life. The great Soul had endowed them with life and sentience, and impregnated them with a germ of joy.

The prophetic shadow of a great event fell on them, as they were waiting; for Patience, born of the Ages, had long been their tutress. At length a slide, plowing a vast cicatrice adown the mountain's side, detached the fragment of rock which contained the crystals, and, dashing it with violence against a boulder, shattered it in twain. Then woke the crystals to the wondrous light, which showed them to all things, and revealed all things to them, and brought to them the fulfillment of their dreams. They manifested their joy in, and sympathy with, surrounding things, by displaying their own brilliancy and symmetry. The Poet looked into their sparkling natures, and thereby acquired another fortune of Beauty to his already princely dower. The scientific scholar found in them stores of the lore of ages gone and yet to come. The Sun shone brighter than ever before, on seeing his own beams reflected in such faithful perfectness, as the pure mother feels and radiates a warmer glow of being when she beholds the child of her love exhibit her own beauties of person and character.

They were a vision of the infinite Beauty, and therefore a divine Joy to all the world. Darkness lost its gloom, and the dismal grave its terror, when it was seen that such bright jewels had emanated from the dark, cold silence of the ground. Heaven was nearer, and its infinitudes less intact; for its attributes were vividly expressed in their starry glances.

\* \* \* \* \*

Far away, on the same earth, in another mountain, was another tiny hollow in a rock, and it was filled with water. Its history is nearly related to the story of the crystals. The same long confinement, the same self-preservation, the same circumstances, the same dreams—but all of a higher order; for its being was of a more universal range, and wider destiny; its nature belonged to a higher plane of life.

But as yet it had never shouted in the ocean-voice of Nature; nor frolicked in the cascade; nor laughed in the capering rill; nor propelled machinery; nor written a sentence of the gospel of Beauty's harmony in the semi-aureola that decks the brow of Iris; nor nursed the flowers with rorid nectar; nor revived the expiring life of the thirsty, fever-stricken clinie.

But it had dreamed prophecies of wakefulness. Dim revealings of deserts, sirocs, fever, filth, famine, vice, woe, had interspersed its reveries with sadness, and created embryo yearnings after beneficent power. But these glooms were flecked with Philanthropy, Love, Reform, heroic deeds, brave performances of life-work; and then came courage and purposes divine.

At last a slide also wrought a vast gash wound in this mountain, so deep that only centuries could heal it; and a small boulder was pitched into the sea, where it became a plaything of the waves, rolling, tumbling, wearieg, till the little measure of water well nigh dreamed a nightmare of despair—its dreams were not during sleep, but in an unresting, confused wakefulness. Its senses were all mingled in confusion. A rocky necessity girt it round: and, outside of that, a wild, fierce conflict was going on, the nature of which it could not understand. O, could its prisoning circumstances be worn away, or broken, and set it at liberty!—so the Soul feels when life is a wild, disorderly restlessness, tossing its cage, the body, where it will;—could it be free of that it could grasp all other freedom.

An unusual storm finally brought deliverance to the captive water; the rock was dashed in pieces; and it escaped, and, at once, mingled with the voice, power, grandeur, use, of ocean's tireless nature, as all waters do in turn. It played foam; it sang in billow-tune; it performed herculean labors at the mill wheel; it united with its natural enemy, fire, and became an endowment of energetic life for the steam engine; it loomed in majesty in the clouds; it sparkled in dew; it brought health and vigor to man, beast and plant, in the cool draught and refreshing bath; it played wild antics in the geysers of Iceland, and the waterspout of the torrid sea; it baptised the soul of the guilty in tears of penitence, washing him for heaven; in tears of sorrow it floated grief far away from the mourner's heart; it came down in a torrent of rain and effaced the track of the poor fugitive slave, as he fled to freedom from pursuant men and bloodhounds; it quenched the fiery appetite of the drunkard; it cleansed the soul of the debauchee of its horrid filth; it washed physical diseases from men's bodies; it bathed susceptibly pure souls in the purity of light, and music, and harmony with the ALL.

But prostituted souls degraded it to woful purposes. It became a fiery poison to destroy men's souls;—O, the fascinating, but insidious beauty, as luringly it lurked in the headed wine, gaily and merrily dancing to the appetite it had captivated and enslaved; it held in solution the hemlock which was fatal to Socrates; it floated the wormwood and gall to the soul of the pure Jesus, when he was experiencing the spiritual death of a world of human souls; his hating, but loved brothers. The war, pirate, and slave ships floated on its bosom as securely as the argosy.

All voices sing the praise of water, each in his own way, and with reference to his own appropriation of it; for all employ it, either in use or abuse.

As the crystals were a fortune of Beauty to the Poet, so is water a wealth of use, as well as ornament, to everybody.

Water and Light are the parents of Beauty, (so tells the rain-

bow,) the artists of her forms. Therefore it is that they receive the universal homage of all human hearts, and all Nature, and have no enemies.

## A DRAMA.

## SCENE III.

Rising curtain discovers a School-room—Scholars seated, PATIENCE sitting front, with MARY and ANNA standing on each side of her. PERSEVERENCE and HUMILITY arranging flowers in vases, and bustling about.

PATIENCE. Mary, dear, do you not feel happy now?

MARY. O, yes—but sometimes—(puts her handkerchief to her eyes.)

PATIENCE. Never mind, my child—

PERSEVERENCE—(coming forward.) Here, Mary, is a rose. Some time you shall learn

The names of all the flowers.

MARY. O, that would be

So beautiful! And then we'll go abroad,  
And gather some!

HUMILITY. O, yes; and Anna too—  
And all the little ones! We'll go abroad  
And have such pleasant times!

PERSEVERENCE. And you shall learn  
To work—and do so many useful things—  
Would not that be very pleasant, Mary?

MARY. O, yes; it would, indeed! And I should be  
So glad to help! But yonder comes our new mother.

Enter WISDOM—followed by HOPE and DISAPPOINTMENT hand in hand, on one side, and REMORSE and PEACE, arm in arm, on the other; while YOUTH leads in AGE from the opposite side, and seats her back—MARY and ANNA fly to meet WISDOM, and cling to her garments. She takes up ANNA.

WISDOM. And how's my little rose-bud?

ANNA. Mama, kith!—(WISDOM kisses her, and stoops to kiss MARY.)

WISDOM. And how is Mary, too, this precious morn?

MARY. O, mother, mother! I'm so very glad!

We're going to walk, and learn about the flowers!  
And I shall learn to work! and Anna too!

And we shall help you! Isn't that very nice?

WISDOM—(turning to her guests.) This way, ladies—and I pray  
you will excuse

These little ones. They are so happy now,  
They do not stand on ceremony.

DISAPPOINTMENT. Ah,

These are the little orphans, are they not,  
You found a few weeks since?

WISDOM. The very same—  
And yet so wholly different; but come  
This way.

PATIENCE, HUMILITY, FAITH and PERSEVERENCE come forward  
and salute each other.

WISDOM. These, ladies, are my assistants—  
And able ones they are.

REMORSE. I envy them

The privilege of doing such a work;  
And were you not already well supplied,  
I certainly should hope to be retained,  
To lend whatever feeble aid I may,  
In labor so delightful.

DISAPPOINTMENT. And I, too,  
Have had the self-same thought. I cannot bear  
To go back to the weary common-place  
Of life, with its dull changes. There is nought  
That e'er can truly satisfy the soul,  
But the sweet consciousness of doing good—  
O, had I sought for happiness in this,  
Instead of vague excitement, I had found  
Comfort, instead of sorrow.

WISDOM. Gentle nymphs,  
Your wishes but anticipate our own.  
Most happy shall we be to share with you  
The labors of our love.

CHARITY.

It was a blessed hour

That brought us all together.

HOPE.

And surely, now,

Looks forth the Future with a pleasant eye—

Winning us forward with a rosy smile.

PATIENCE. And should we meet with difficulties there—

Patience will overcome all obstacles.

PER. Yes; if we but resolve on victory,  
We shall accomplish it.

FAITH.

In this belief

The spirit works out miracles.

HUMILITY.

Yet, bowing down,

With deepest reverence we should remember now  
We did not make ourselves—and have no cause  
To glory in the strength that's given us.

PEACE. By these pure sentiments our hearts shall be  
Refreshed with living waters—and the peace  
That passeth understanding, shall be ours.

WISDOM. Come round and see my scholars; I am proud  
And happy to exhibit them—

(Seats the ladies at the sides of the stage—the assistants standing  
on either hand)

(To the Scholars.) Attend—

Do you remember now the little Wood Song  
I heard you practicing but yesterday?

(All the little hands are lifted.)

WISDOM. You may sing it, then.

SONG.—TUNE—“The Bird at Sea.”

Forth to the wild-wood,

Sweet home of the flowers!

The fleet step of childhood

Amid the green bowers,

Shall find the bright waters

Singing hymns to the day,

While the willows keep cadence—

Away, away!

We'll gather fair roses

For garland and vase,

And o'er the fresh mosses

The lithe squirrel chase;

Through the sweet valleys

That hide from the day

All their green alleys,

Away, away!

WISDOM. Thank you, dear children. That is very fine.  
Some time we'll go and sing it in the woods.

(Hands lifted.)

Speak, if you wish. Remember, one at once.

FIRST SCHOLAR. I am so glad!

SECOND SCHOLAR. And I would like to go.

THIRD SCHOLAR. And I!

FOURTH SCHOLAR. And I!

FIFTH SCHOLAR. And I too!

SIXTH SCHOLAR. And we'll take out little Mary.

SEVENTH SCHOLAR. And please may I lead Anna?

EIGHTH SCHOLAR. Yes; Bell and I will lead her.

NINTH SCHOLAR. No, I.

TENTH, ELEVENTH AND TWELFTH SCHOLARS. I—I—I.

WISDOM. There—that will do. Silence now, if you please.

(To DISAPPOINTMENT and REMORSE, aside.)

Ladies, if you would like, just question them,  
On any thing you think of. They delight

In any little notice.

DISAPPOINTMENT. Would you like  
To travel, children—far—far off—abroad?

(Hands all lifted; and a confused sound, of O, yes! yes! yes!  
should like to go!)

REMORSE—(to First Scholar.) Where would you like to go?

FIRST SCHOLAR. To Italy—

Where the sky is bright, as if a thousand gems  
Were melted in the light—and cities lie,

Deep buried up in lava. I should like  
To see those mighty ruins—and the vines—  
And monks—and castles—and fair peasant girls—  
Robbers, and nunneries, and all that make  
Our stories so delightful.

SECOND SCHOLAR. O, I should like  
To go to Scotland best—the highland home  
Of loch, and brae, where mountain chieftains dwell,  
With fairest maidens, mid the fragrant broom,  
And delicate heath-flowers—and the fairies dance  
Upon the lea, by moon-light.

THIRD SCHOLAR. But to me  
The starry Norland seems the very best—  
Land of the gentle rein-deer. I should love  
To feed them with the mosses that grow there;  
And go a sledging o'er the crystal snow  
By the clear moonlight.

FOURTH SCHOLAR. I like Switzerland!  
O how I should delight to climb the Alps,  
And chase the wild Chamois from steep to steep!

FIFTH SCHOLAR. But I should rather see our Father-Land—  
Dear, pleasant England, with its cottages,  
And hawthorn hedge-rows, and the soaring lark—  
And the sweet nightingale.

SIXTH SCHOLAR. And I like best  
Egypt, the famous land of pyramids—  
The land of Joseph's bondage, and renown—  
Land of the beauteous Nile, whence Moses sat  
In his fair barque of oziers.

SEVENTH SCHOLAR. Rome for me!  
Rome, once the mistress of the circling earth!  
The Empress of the Sea! How I should love  
To sail the Tiber, in a gondola!

EIGHTH SCHOLAR. O I would rather go to Palestine—  
Our Saviour's home—to find out every spot  
Made holy by his presence! How beautiful  
To look with our own eyes, on all the things  
We read of in the Bible—there to find  
Jehoshephat, and Kedron, stretched beneath  
The Olive mountain, whose green forehead looks  
Over Jerusalem.

NINTH SCHOLAR. O, Greece for me!  
The home of Beauty, and of Liberty!  
The land of light and song!

TENTH SCHOLAR. Niagara  
Is just the very place, where I would like  
To go! I sometimes almost fly,  
To think about it!

ELEVENTH SCHOLAR. I would rather like  
To go to the West Indies—where the palms  
Spread out their great umbrellas for a shade—  
And gather lemons, and bright oranges—  
I'd wander off at sunset, to the beach,  
And pick fair shells up from the sparkling sand!

TWELFTH SCHOLAR. O, Guatemala is the place for me!  
I'd visit the old Ruins of Palenque—  
And walk the Land of Incas.

WISDOM. Very well. (*Takes out her watch.*)  
My children—it is now time to dismiss.  
Ladies—we meet again this afternoon.

(*In the bustle of preparation the curtain falls.*)

#### SCENE IV.—SCHOOL ROOM.

Enter WISDOM with HUMILITY and FAITH, PATIENCE and PERSEVERENCE, two and two—HOPE and DISAPPOINTMENT, REMORSE and PEACE, YOUTH and AGE, following, and taking places on the sides of the stage.

WISDOM. We open now another—fairer scene—  
Exemplified Religion. Jesus said:  
“Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

(Inner curtain rising discovers a Tableau of little children in a kneeling posture, with their little hands clasped, and lifted. They remain in this position a moment; and then slowly rise—singing a Hymn.)

#### HYNM.—TUNE—Carlem.

All the tender budding flowers,  
In their pleasant, dewy bowers,  
Breathe out perfume on the air,  
Like the incense of a prayer.

And the early birds that soar,  
Hymns of sweet thanksgiving pour—  
Starry nights—and sunny days—  
All are vocal with THY praise!

Through the chambers of the sky  
Father, to thy arms we fly!  
And our simple songs proclaim,  
Honor—Glory—to THY NAME!

(Groups stand on either side of the stage as the curtain falls—and  
Exeunt.

#### SINGULAR REVELATIONS BY MESMERIC CLAIRVOYANCE.

THE circumstance we are about to relate, if given without good authority, we are aware would seem much more like romance than reality, and might be taken by our readers as an idle tale imposed upon us by Madam Rumor during the yet early “ides of April.” We therefore, on hearing of the material facts last Saturday, spent some time in investigating them; and although their truth may appear even “stranger than fiction,” yet they are altogether reliable, as we gathered them from the most responsible sources. They are as follows:

About the 20th of February, 1846, a young man named John S. Bruce, aged about 18 years, son of Mr. Lewis Bruce, a respectable farmer in Westford, Middlesex County, started from his father’s residence with a span of horses and a sled load of straw, for the purpose of selling the latter in this city. The distance being only 25 miles, he was expected to return the following day. Days, weeks and months passed, however, and no tidings were heard of him by his anxious family, though diligent search and inquiry were made—and his friends accordingly remained in a distressing quandary, whether it was possible he had left for parts unknown or some fatal evil had befallen him.

We will here mention an apparently trifling incident, but one which resulted in furnishing the first clue to information concerning young Bruce.

It appears that Mr. Otis Hildreth, a neighbor—who subsequently removed from Westford to Salem, N. H.—arranged with Bruce to take to Boston a small keg, to be filled with molasses for him—which, of course, was never returned. Mr. Hildreth came to the city on business in the succeeding month of July, and happening to call in at the office connected with the stable of Edward Eastman, in Deacon-street, *saw his keg there*, and identified it by several marks. On inquiry, he was told that it had been left there during the winter previous, together with a span of horses, which after being kept seventeen days without being called for, were advertised by Eastman and sold at auction, and that there was a balance of between five and six dollars, after deducting expenses, due the owner of the horses when he should make his appearance. From the accounts given, Mr. Hildreth was satisfied that the horses were those driven by young Bruce, but of the latter he could gain no intelligence except a faint remembrance that a person of singular description had been seen around the stable sometime the previous winter.

Upon his return to Salem, Mr. Hildreth wrote to Mr. Bruce at Westford, stating the above circumstances—which very naturally excited in the mind of the father a revival of hope that he might trace from them some knowledge of his absent son. He was accordingly promised soon to come to Boston for the purpose of making inquiries, but could learn nothing further than that his son was last seen on the sidewalk near the stable referred to. His name was also found recorded on the Hayweigher’s book, but another name was registered at the stable as the person by whom the horses were left.

Some time after this, Mr. Bruce was induced by the solicitation of friends—though himself an unbeliever in Mesmerism—

to come to the city and employ the clairvoyant power of Mrs. Freeman, in Lyman Place—a practitioner somewhat celebrated for her success in similar cases—in further inquiry respecting his son. The clairvoyant made some startling developments, which were repeated at subsequent examinations attended both by Mr. Bruce and a daughter who resided in Lowell; and from the investigations which they were able to make, it was conclusive to them that there was much truth in the statements, although from the nature of the case it was difficult to ascertain certain things thus revealed, or even to connect the several links of evidence so as to form a tolerably complete chain.

The principal features of the clairvoyant's revelations—drawn out in fragments at different times—comprising the known facts detailed above concerning young Bruce's journey to Boston, with the declarations that shortly after his arrival he was induced by certain persons to take something to drink, which threw him into convulsions, of which he died—that his body was concealed for some time under a manure heap, but afterwards taken by a colored man in the night time, carried out upon the water and sunk in the harbor—that it was subsequently discovered, and was to be found in a certain tomb in the City Burial Ground on the Neck! The clairvoyant also stated that the drug was administered to Bruce for the purpose of obtaining money, &c. which he was supposed to possess, and that a certain individual cognizant of these transactions had since been dangerously ill, and came near divulging them, &c. &c.

These representations so inflamed the curiosity of Mr. Bruce and others to inspect the Cemetery, that on Tuesday afternoon last, accompanied by Mr. Franklin Smith, one of the city undertakers, they proceeded thither for an examination. Abiding by the minute instructions he had received from the clairvoyant, Mr. Bruce requested that Tomb No. 15 might be opened, and if the remains of his son were not in the lowest coffin in that tomb, he would be satisfied without further search. Mr. Smith accordingly pulled down some dozen or fifteen coffins, and on prying up the lid of the lower one, *mirabile dictu!* the father recognized the dress of his son within the coffin!—he having been entombed with his clothes on, as is usual when bodies are found in a decayed condition. Of the remains nothing was left save a portion of the stomach, which appeared to be in a singular state of preservation, some locks of light auburn hair, and teeth, two of which were also identified by the father from some peculiar appearances. A wallet was also found about the clothing, which contained no money, but a few buttons, needles and thread. A pocket-book which the deceased brought with him to the city was not found. It was evident he was buried under a false name, as his proper name was not to be found on the Superintendent's books, and but one—a colored man—had been interred as "unknown."

Mr. Bruce took from the coffin a piece of the pantaloons, the vest, and the other articles described, and returned home. As soon as it was seen, the clothing was recognized by members of the family, and a storekeeper identified the buttons, needles and thread as sold by him to young Bruce the day before he left Westford.

The identity of the remains being thus clearly established, the father, on application to Mr. Lincoln, Superintendent of Burials, was granted a permit to remove them, and on Friday afternoon he conveyed them home, stating that he should have the stomach analyzed; and thus this singularly mysterious case rests at present.—[Boston Chronotype.]

**To CORRESPONDENTS.**—To Charles Worth, our grateful acknowledgements are due for valuable contributions. His articles are perfect gems. And yet we feel that it is as superfluous to praise them, as it would be to "paint the rose, or add a perfume to the violet." The true diamond needs no foil. May we hope for the continuance of these choice favors?

We remember the obligation we owe our brother, J. B. W., and intend to write him in a few days.

Our young friend, M. T., should take heart and hope. Courage, we say. His verses have a sweetness and simplicity worthy of the Howitts or of Bloomfield. He only wants practise to excel. Then why may we not again profit by his improvement? We shall be always happy to hear from him.

Ep.

**THE SEAMSTRESS:** A guide to Plain and Fancy Needle-work, Baby Linen, Millinery and Dress-making, Embroidery and Lace-work, Knitting, Netting, Crochet, and Tatting—with numerous illustrations. New York: J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall.

We have looked over this work, spite of our literary tendencies, with strong interest in the circumstantial details it opens, in the useful and beautiful arts, which it so well describes, that the mechanical spirit is roused, and we feel a desire to illustrate, by actual experiment, the fairy-like operations of the magic needle. The directions in some hundred varieties of work, are clear and precise; and the book furnishes a complete manual in the ancient and feminine science of Stitchery. Success, we say, to that bright little lance, the needle! And she who can wield the delicate shaft most cunningly, shall find that the archer-god, even Cupid himself, sits enthroned upon the gleaming point, shooting out thence his tiny arrows, right and left, like diverging rays of light, into the unsuspecting heart of her natural admirer, to whom she is never lovelier—never more potent in her beauty, than when her fair hand is thus armed—for Man-selfish being that he is—will never be satisfied with a good wife, unless she can also mend. If any lady doubts the truth of what our own experience foreshadows of the coming fact, let her purchase this book, study its explicit rules, and try the matter fairly for herself. Then she may come and show us the result of her experiment, in the tangible form of a good substantial piece of bride-cake; and we may wish her and her caro-sposa a happy union, with a pretty reasonable belief, that there is some connection between our words and the blissful REALITY hidden in the future.

REV T. L. HARRIS, will preach in the Universalist Church, Fourth-st, between Avenues B and C, on next Sunday afternoon. The exercises will commence at half past 3 o'clock.

### THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

THIS Weekly Journal differs in character, in some important respects, from any periodical published in the United States, or even in the world. An interior or spiritual philosophy, comprehensively explaining the character and operations of natural laws, accounting for their exterior phenomena and results, and showing the tendencies of all things to higher spheres of existence, is the basis on which it rests. It is a bold inquirer into all truths pertaining to the relations of mankind to each other, to the external world, and to the Deity; a fearless advocate of the theology of Nature, irrespective of the sectarian dogmas of men; and its Editors design that it shall, in a charitable and philosophic, yet firm and unflinching spirit, expose and denounce wrong and oppression wherever found, and inculcate a thorough Reform and reorganization of society on the basis of NATURAL LAW.

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